A COMPLETE NOVEL EACH WEEK IN THE EVENING WORLD The Eternal Lover & ANOTHER TARZAN STORY & By Edgar Rice Burroughs

EXPORTED BY PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

If the a problemed man 100,000 years see, lored and was loved by Not-ul, a corregirl, She begged life, as a test of his provens, to go forth and also too, the great sabre-toothed ther. After a ligarce combat No killed the tiger and cut off its held as a trophy for Nat-ul, Just then an earth-touche seen him in running for refuge into a nearth-touche seen him in running for refuge into a nearth-touche seen him in running for refuge into a nearth-touche seen him of the care, No fell in a trance upon the ground in his care-tomb. One hundred thousand years him Taran of the Abes, who has succeeded to the title of Lord Gregatole, buys a huge reach in Africa on the sist of Na's wandering.

With his wife (formerly Jane Porter) and their little son, he settles there. Victoria Custer, an American girl, visits them with her brother Burney. Victoria has a strange semantion of having lived in this region during a former incamation. William Curties, another of Tarvan's givests, falls in lore with Victoria. As he is proposing to her they are interrupted by a terrific earthquabe. The carthquake lays open Nu's care and argues forth into the light in search of Mat-ul. He is answed at the utter change in the nome before him since last he vicered it. The sun itself is of different aspect from that of 150,000 years ago. That night he crease to the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and sampees forth into the light he crease to the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and sampees forth into the light he crease to the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and sampees forth line to the light he crease to the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and some the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and should be been to the light he crease to the disping room windows of Tarvan's house and should be rease. Victoria hours and this her ame. Victoria hours and this last t

CHAPTER V. The Zebra-Killer.

HE dead body of a huge lion lay scarce twenty feet from Victoria Custer, but a hurried examination of the girl eat." brought unutterable relief to them all, for she was uninjured.

Barney lifted her in his arms and others examined the dead beast.

From the centre of the breast a wooden shaft protruded, and when they had drawn this out-and it re- the darkness last night." quired the united efforts of four strong men to do it-they found that a stone-tipped spear had passed them came Victoria Custer, drawn as ly, wounded man who had saved her did herd a few miles north of the straight through the savage brute's though by a magnet to the spot where life, and then staggered, bleeding, ranch Victoria urged him to accom-

Greystoke. The latter nodded his head.

"We must find him," he said. "He has rendered us a great service. But for him Miss Custer would not be alive now."

But though twenty men scoured the grounds and the plain beyond for beast must have died instantly the up the discussion of their plans for several hours, no trace of the killer spear entered his heart. But where the morrow's departure. of Old Raffles could be found, and can he have disappeared to?" the reason that they did not find him abroad was because he lay directly beneath their noses in a little clump of low, flowering shrubs, with a bullet wound in his head.

CHAPTER VI.

The Ancient Trail.

HE next morning the men were examining the stone- No. 2-"What Shall I Wear?" headed spear upon the veranda just outside the reakfast room.

"It's the oddest thing of its kind I breakfast room.

ever saw," said Greystoke. "I can al- The answer is not as easy as it most swear that it was never made by seems. Even if the wardrobe contains

The girl stepped forward, hiding she said. And when I smilingly pointher true emotions behind the mask of ed to her frock, she explained. h gay smile. She took the spear of Nu, the son of Nu, in her hands, and best last winter. And this year I her heart leaped in half savage pride am trying to get it worn out." her heart leaped in half savage price I was strongly tempted to ask her as she felt the weight of the great if her husband wore his dress suit to

"What a man he must be who wields such a mighty weapon!" she exclaimed.

freshness. The etiquette of clothes would have been the same.

Now, a woman who really understands the art of dress wears comparatively simple clothes in the morning; for the street a well cut tail red suit of cloth or a cloth coat Barney Custer was watching his sister closely, for with the discovery of the spear in the lion's body had come the sudden recollection of Victoria's description of her dream-man: 'He carries a great spear, stonetipped. I should know it the moment that I saw it."

The young man stepped to his sister's side, putting an arm about her shoulders. She looked up into his face, and then in a low voice that was not audible to the others she whispered: "It is his, Barney. I knew that I should know it."

For calling wear your new cloth or sails suit and your very best hat. For an afternoon tea the costume should be the same. Always wear white gloves when making a formal call or attending an afternoon reception.

At the opera, a woman should dress in full evening costume if she is to set in a low or in the orchesta; but

knew that I should know it." For some time the young man had een harassed by fears as to his sisdresses are usually worn.

At dinner parties the proper dress

the man said, and several strips of meat cut from its haunches with a knife. Beside it in the soft mud of the inclosure the prints of an unshed human foot were plainly in evidence. Tarzan smiled.

"The sebra-killer again!" he said. "Well, he is welcome to all he can

Before he had finished speaking. Brown, who had been nosing round in the garden, called to him from a carried her to her room, while the little clump of bushes beside the spot grass a little distance beyond the was apparently as anxious to return where the lion's body had lain.

The men upon the veranda followed Greystoke to the garden. Behind sion welled in her heart for the lone- that morning that there was a spienthey had gathered.

were several impressions of a bare must go.

Everyday

Perplexities

A Simple Manual of Etiquette

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several pretty frocks their no

"Oh, this old dress! I had it for

business when it had lost its first



"Look here, Clayton," he called- failed to see-a drop of blood now and feared a flat refusal. the mountains to the south.

toward the savage wilderness from pany the other men upon the hunt. "The zebra-killer," said Brown to In the bushes was a little pool of which he had come. It seemed to her dried blood, and where the earth near that somewhere out there he was packing," she said. "There's not the

> "He must have been wounded," ex- the others to her discovery, and herself in the gathering together of plained Brown, "by Curtiss's shot. I presently they all returned to the doubt if the lion touched him. The veranda, where Barney again took

bushes? She saw what the others home as he was to have her; he had

bull before he left, and when one of At the sight of it a great compas- the Waziri warriors brought word

the roots was free from sod there calling to her now, and that she slightest reason in the world why you

"here's something we overlooked in then leading away in the direction of Barney had wanted to get a buffalo

"I'll attend to the balance of the

She did not call the attention of And so he went, and Victoria busied

All morning the household was alive The girl interposed no objections, luncheon, while the heat of the day seeking this lonely, wounded man, before the inky entrance to a gloomy turned to the cave. Victoria Custer was examining the Barney was delighted to see that she was greatest, the bungalow might Her place was at his side. He need- cave.

algo of life that there was about it, know, Lady Greystoke was taking her. She was no longer the pampered, penetrate the darkness. siesta, as were practically all of the petted child of an effete civilization. Here evidently the trail ended, but

He had taken a great fancy to Vic-

longing as she looked wistfully out. Now the roar of a distant iton breathing and a sigh. toward the hills that she had so came faintly to her ears, answered, "Nu!" she whispered. "Is it you?

stronger than any argument she night-prowling carnivora were the cave a voice replied: could bring to bear against it.

Presently the hound's cold muzzle The hair along the wolf-hound's Quickly the girl groped her way brought forth an idea in her mind, spine stiffened in a little ridge of into the cavern, feeling before her and with it she cast aside the last bristling rage. The girl unslung her with her hands until she came to the She thought that this was but ansemblance of attempted restraint rife, shifting the leash to the hand prostrate form of a man lying upon other of her dreams.

Seizing her rifle and ammunition belt, she moved noiselessly into the

snapped to the hound's collar.

Unseen, she crossed the garden to the little patch of bushes where the dried blood was. Here she gathered from the stricken animal, a succession position at the cave's mouth on guard. up some of the brown-stained earth of low growls, and the sound of huge and held it close to Terkoz's nose, jaws crunching through flesh and trate form of Nu, the son of Nu; but Then she put her finger to the ground bone, and then silence. where the trail of blood led toward

"Here, Terkoz!" she whispered. The beast gave a low growl as the scent of the new blood filled his nostrils, and, with nose close to the ground, started off, tugging upon the leash, in the direction of the mountains upon the opposite side of the

Beside him walked the girl: across her shoulder was slung a modern,

ward the distant hills far to the occurred, for who may say that it is that of the man she sought. south. At her side, nosing his muzzle such a far step from one incarnation. It was almost equally as probable into her palm, stood one of Tarzon to another, however many countless that Curtiss's shot had struck "old cavern, Terkos, rising to stretch him-Lord Greystoke's great wolf-hounds, years of man-measured time may Raffles's" mate, and that, after all, have intervened?

toria Custer from the first, and when- and the jungle and the mountain, and rocky lair. ever permitted to do so remained still Terkoz forged ahead, nose to the Bending low, she listened, and at

feared before. She feared them still, quite close, by the moaning of an- I have come!" Nor did it seem yet something called to her. other—a sound that is infinitely more strange to her that she spoke in a abroad.

Suddenly, just before her, a little from his throat.

band of antelope sprung from the Terkoz had found the prey that he There she found a number of leashes grass in startled terror, there was a had tracked, and he could not underhanging from a peg. One of these she hideous roar, and a great body hur- stand why he should not now be altled through the air to alight upon lowed to make the kill; but he was the rump of the hindmost of the herd. A single scream of pain and terror the girl's command he took up a

> few yards above them. In the moon- she loved. light the lion saw her and the hound. Standing across his fallen prey, his but Victoria, dragging the growling king of beasts turned to his feast. It was fifteen minutes before Terkoz cheek.

big game rifle, and in her left hand could relocate the trail, and then the Half way down the mountain side, taken must cut her off forever from swung the stone-tipped spear of the two took up their lonely way once she recalled, there was a little spring her past life, yet she was very happy. could relocate the trail, and then the

thought. It seemed the most natural dered; yet on and up she went until with its numerous duties; but after thing in the world that she should be Terkoz halted, bristling and growling.

have been entirely deserted for any ed her that was enough for her to Holding the beast back, Victoria head and washed the ugly wound, at peered within. Her eyes could not times squeezing a few red

That any metamorphosis had taken of a sudden it occurred to her that she work to gaze out of her window to- nor is it certain that any change had spoor they had been following was

she had followed the blood of a Darkness had fallen upon the plain wounded lioness to the creature's

ground, and beside him moved the last there came to her ears a sound The girl's heart filled with a great siender figure of the graceful girl. as of a body moving, and then heavy

She tried to fight against the mad weird and terrifying than the deeper- strange tongue, no word of which she desire with every ounce of her rea- throated challenge. The cough of the had ever heard in all her life before. son, but she was fighting against an icopard and the uncanny laughter of For a moment there was silence, unreasoning instinct that was far hyenas added their evidence that the and then, weakly, from the depths of "Nat-ul!"

that carried the heavy spear of the the cold, hard rock. With difficulty troglodyte; but she was unafraid. she kept the growling wolf-hound

a well trained beast, and at last at

Victoria kneeled beside the prosshe was no longer Victoria Custer. The girl made a slight detour to It was Nat-ul, the daughter of Tha, avoid the beast and its kill, passing a who kneeled there beside the man

Gently she passed her slim fingers his love. across his forehead; it was burning She wondered that she did not reflaming eyes glaring at the intruders, with a raging fever. She felt the gret the life of case she had abanshuddered. Then she raised him in Terkoz after her, passed on, and the her arms so that his head was pil- could never again return to. She was lowed in her lap, and kissed his still sufficiently of the twentieth cen-cheek.

of fresh, cold water. Removing her What motive prompted her act she Into the foot-hills past the tortured hunting jacket, she rolled it into a kissed his lips, and then, rising, west the odds and ends of their personal did not even pause to consider. The strata of an ancient age it wound. At pillow for the unconscious man; and outside, and taking Terkos with her. did not even pause to consider. The strata of the naked rock the girl shud- then, with Terkoz at her side, clam- descended to the spring, for she was Filling her hat with water, she re-

All night she bathed the fevered

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"Does He Love Her?"



er or later ask her to become his wife. Real love for a woman

means the desire to make of her a companion for life. A young man may be shy, he may be poor, he may have relatives dependent upon him. For one or more of these reasons he may put off his proposal to the girl to whom his at her. really cares. And only when a girl wolf hound, and then saw him leap has received a definite avowal of his emotion may she be confident of it.

a young man, although I have never spoken to him. Another young man has paid me attention for nearly a year, and wants to marry me. Please advise me what to do."

Don't marry one man, loving another. But I doubt if it is possible really to love a man to whom you have never spoken.

"M. L." writes: "I am in love with a young man whom I left several months ago in Ireland. He told me enough for me to depend on him?"

no cared for me and we write frequently, but he has never proposed to me. Do you think he really loves me jungle for the better part of a month

drops between the hot lips.

At last the restless tossing of the wounded man coased, and the girl Victoria Custer had paused in her place within her she did not dream, had only surmised that the bloody saw that he had fallen into a natural

sleep, and that the fever had abated. When the first rays of the rising sun relieved the gloom within the self, looked backward into the in

He saw a black-haired glant sleeping quietly, his head pillowed upon a khaki hunting coat; and beside him sat the girl, her loosened hair tumbled about her shoulders and over the breast of the sleeping man, upon which her own tired head had drooped in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Terkoz yawned and lay down again.

CHAPTER VII. The Lonely Man.

FTER a time the girl awoke. For a few minutes she could not assure herself of the reality of her surroundings.

Gently she put out her hand and touched the face of the sleeper. It was very real. Also, she noted that the fever had left.

She sat in silence for a few minutes. attempting to adjust herself to the new and strange conditions which surrounded her. She seemed to be two people-the American girl, Victoria Custer, and Nat-ul. But who or from where was Nat-ul she could not fathom other than that she was beloved by Nu, and that she returned

doned, and which she knew that she

Bending low over the man, the

Neither the girl nor the hound saw the white-robed figure that withdraw suddenly behind a huge boulder as the two emerged from the cave's mouth.

Nor did she see him signal to others behind him who had not yet rounded the shoulder of the cite at the base of which they had i

marching. Victoria stooped to fill her hat at

the spring. First she leaned far down to quench her own thirst. girl know! A sudden, warning growl from Ter-

if a young kox brought her head up, and there, man loves her?

I believe it is dozen white robed Arabs, and besafe general hind them half a hundred blacks. All rule that if he were armed; evil looking fellows they cares in the right were, and one of the Arabs had cov-Now he spoke to her, but in

> though she knew that his me was unfriendly, and imagined that it warned her not to attempt to use ber own rife, which lay beside her. Next he spoke to those behind him. and two of them approached the girl

tongue she did not understand.

one from either side, while the leader continued to keep his piece levelled heart is secretly given. But he will heard a menacing growl from the

> for the nearest Arab. The fellow clubbed his gun and swung it full upon Terkos's skull, so that the faithful bound collapsed in a

silent heap at their feet. Then the two rushed in and seised Victoria's rifle; a moment later she

was roughly dragged toward the leader of the Ill-favored gang. Through one of the blacks, a West

Coast negro who had picked up a

bring her along; there was no time to tarry in this country of their enemies, into which they had accident.

(To Be Continued.)

Next Week's Complete Novel

THE FULL OF THE MOON

By Caroline Lockhart WILL BEGIN IN

NEXT Monday's Evening World

author of "Me. Smith,") and of a New York girl's strange adventures in the lawless rench regione. 🛊 🛊

the big West (by the

Her First Day at the Polls -(A Monologue)----

PART I. RS. WOODBY ITT (going to question she asks of herself the polls on election morning)-My, what an awful crowd of people! Who would have thought that Africa. I once saw similar heads, though, in the British Museum. They had been taken from the debris of a prehistoric cave dwelling."

From the window of the breakfast room just behind them a wide-eyed girl was staring in breathless wondermant at the ride weapon, which to her presented corrects evidence of the reality of the thing she had

an awfully shallow woman, if she is

my friend.

them in colors. I wanted a dark | home and children and come out here I believe she knew I intended wearing

green one with gold borders—green and gold go so well together this year. You think when the ballots are filled out they'll be green enough? Oh, do you? Well, there's one thing certain. Women won't vote any more ignorantly than some of these poor, illiterate clerks around here.

But it really never pays to quarrel with one's inferiors. Have you seen the dark of the see a thing amusing.

**I believe she knew I intended wearing it. There's nobody around here now but the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a doormat! I don't see how any one can be so commonplace as not to appoint the poorer in the middle of a sentence! He's talking now to those appish Gates girls—I wonder what they're laughing at? I don't see low any one can be so commonplace as not to appoint the poorer in the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a doormat! I don't see how any one can be so commonplace as not to appoint the poorer in the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't knew a well-fitting gown from a production of the poorer classes, who don't k

as jaratively simple clothes in the morning; for the street a well cut to morning; for the street a well cut to man and the morning of the street as well cut to sample frock. Reserve your elaborate gowns and richly trimmed hats for the afternoon, and nevery wear much jewelry in the morning jewelry

The Story of the Biggest Bells.

North America's greatest bell is the "Gross Bourdon," at Notre Dame Cathedral, in Montreal, which weights and something to do with two boy friends how about Baby, but I didn't pay any and then I sent him a legitle to the old thing—one has to be tower of the Westminster Houses of Parliament, was turned out of the Mortan bell was hamed in a policy of the Westminster Houses of holding 15,000 people. Another famous sponders, him any longer?

The Story of the Biggest Bells.

North America's greatest bell is the "Gross Bourdon," at Notre Dame Cathedral, I know Billy the people like that. I know Billy to love a man to whom the new to the with this the wild and all of the well and all of the wild and all of the wild and all of the wild and all of the well and all of the wild and

definent at the fide weapon, which the fide weapon, which the presenting concrete evidence to her presenting concrete evidence of the reality of the thing she had thought but another hallucination—the leaping figure of the naked man that had sprung past her into the cost time from the leaping figure of the charging lion an instant before she had swooned.

One of the charging lion an instant before she had swooned.

"Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclaimed: "no worse this morning, I see, for no worse this morning, I see, for no worse this morning, I see, for no worse this morning, I see, for so worse this morning, I see, for so worse this morning, I see, for the mether of the day I met a woman it should be the fide of the see what the other day I met a woman it should be the fide of the see which the see worse of the menturned and saw her standing there.

"Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclaimed: "are you going to a morning had worse this morning, I see, for you worse this morning, I see, for you worse this morning, I see, for the menturned and saw her standing there.

"Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclaimed: "Are you going to a morning had that a regulation of the menturned and saw her standing there.

"Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclaimed: "Are you going to a morning had that a regulation of the menturned and saw her standing there.

"Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclaimed: "Ah, Miss Custer!" he exclai unaccommodating set of politicians have been a financier:
that refuses to do a little thing like—It certainly was mean of her to
that for ladies after they leave their leave me to find the polls all alone:
she was her own, and wouldn't leave
her until she got out of danger. She

For some time the young man had been harassed by fears as to his sister harassed by fears as to his sister nature.

At dinner parties the proper dress gends every much on just what sort of an affair it is to be. At large and formal dinner evening dress for women affair that he, too, had gone mad.

In the other parties of the house, high their names down that way in hotels for years. I work do it, that's all! What difference can it possibly make or else admit that he, too, had gone mad.

In the other parties of the house, high their names down that way in hotels for years. I work do it, that's all! What difference can it possibly make of an even more sinister nature, or else admit that he, too, had gone mad.

If he were sane, then it was the proper thing, but at a mean is the proper thing, but at a recorded mean.

If he were sane, then it was the large and a savage white man roamed in search of Victoria.

Now that he had found her, would have worn an are present, the notes and the head of the cottain her?

What a minute: I do believe—yes, their names down that way in hotels for years. I work to it, that's all! was marked by a banquet for the was nung in place, but it is lones, previously somewhat mournful and direg-like, were improved by the lones, previously somewhat mournful and direg-like, ever improved by the was marked by a banquet for the wis nung marked by a banquet for the was fully and direg-like, but I dones, previously somewhat mournful and direg-like, but a large and they are improved by the was marked by a banquet for the was fully and direg-like, were improved by the same should be the stored of the wing marked to the stall-more, the was fully and direg-like, but I dones, previously somewhat mournful and direg-like, but I dones, previously somewhat mournful and direg-like, were improved by the was flued.

Now that he will, if you, the was hung in parties the proper dress flower in the was flued and direg-like, were improved by the same stellar of the was flued and direg-like, were improved by the w